



THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DUMB

75¢

©

02904

1981

JUNE

No. 75

# CRAZY



PUNY  
EARTHLINGS...

...WHO  
WILL SHAVE  
YOU  
NOW?





Stan Lee presents

# CRAZY

THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DUMB

Vol. 1 No. 75 June, 1981

LARRY HAMA  
editor

MARIE SEVERIN  
art director

JIM OWSLEY  
managing editor

JOE ALBELO production DANNY CRESPI production manager

MARION STENSGARD typography BARRY SHAPIRO cover production

THEA KERMAN assistant counsel MARVIN M. MALLARD cartoon editor

CLIFF JACKSON foreign licensing HELLEN KATZ typographical erratum inspector

OBNOXIO THE CLOWN complaints JOE JAMES more complaints

ROBERT CAROSELLA, STUSCHWARTZBERG, RICK PARKER, JOHN MORELLI,

THE K.D. KID, GASPAR THE WONDER PUPPY staff

BOB LARKIN cover

ALAN KUPPERBERG back cover

CRAZY MAGAZINE® Vol. 1 No. 75, June, 1981 issue. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Second Class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. (U.S.P.S. 378-199). Postmaster: send all address change forms to CRAZY Subscription Dept. c/o above address. Price: 75¢ in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rates: \$11.00 in the U.S., \$12.00 in Canada, and \$13.00 for foreign subscriptions respectively for 12 issues including postage. Printed in the U.S.A.

The names, characters, and/or institutions (mental or otherwise) used in CRAZY fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. Any similarity between them and any existing person or institution (for other than satirical purposes) is purely coincidental. Potential Contributors: All unsolicited submissions will be returned unread (if accompanied by a S.A.S.E.), however the editor will accept requests for personal appointments by word-of-mouth professional artists and writers who have the intellectual fortitude required to withstand uncompromising truth thrown back in their face. Such requests should be typewritten on unperforated business stationery, twice copied. The editors claim no responsibility for Obnoxio The Clown, nor his unauthorized contests or editorial views, therefore potential abusers write in to Mr. Glown at their own risk. And we do mean risk.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold (it would seem that we should make up our minds, no?) or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All business inquiries should be addressed to Ed Shukin, Vice-President of Circulation, 9th floor.

Copyright©1981 by:  
Marvel Comics Group

A Division Of:  
Cadence Industries Corporation

James E. Gaton  
President

Stan Lee  
Publisher

Mike Hobson  
Vice-President, Publishing

Jim Shooter  
Editor-in-Chief

Milt Schiffman  
Vice President, Production

## In This Issue:

WHAT'S RED AND GOLD  
AND MADE BY ITALIANS?  
Flush Gorgon  
(A CRAZY Movie Parody)..... 6

CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS  
Part 1: Apeman Antics..... 12  
Part 2: Son Of Apeman Antics..... 28  
Part 3: Apeman Antics  
Strike Again!..... 44

MEAN GREEN TEEN  
Teen Hulk Returns! ('Nuff Said!)..... 13

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!  
Television Shows  
That Didn't Quite Make It..... 17

FANTASY VS. REALITY  
Part 1..... 20  
Part 2..... 32

LOTSA PHOTOS OF PRETTY  
GIRLS IN TIGHT PANTS  
Space War Wizards  
(A CRAZY Fumetti)..... 21

MORE THAN JUST A PLACE TO SPEND  
MONEY... A WAY OF LIFE  
CRAZY Looks At A Shopping Mall..... 26

ANIMATED ANARCHY  
The Kinetic Kids..... 29

FERAL FABLES FOR TORPID TOTS  
The Tell Tale Cat With The Hat  
Comes Back..... 33

WHAT WOULD STEVE SKEATES' NAME  
BE IF HE HAD FEATHERS AND LIVED IN  
ANOTHER DIMENSION?  
Howard The Duck..... 37

PERVERSE PUZZLES  
Obnoxio The Clown Fun Pages..... 40

ROCK 'N ROLL  
REPTILE  
Behemoth Jack..... 42

LIVE ACTION, DEAD ACTORS  
Battle For Keeps Of The Network  
Stars (A CRAZY T.V. Parody)..... 45



FLUSH GORGON pg. 6



TEEN HULK pg. 13



FUMETTI pg. 21



CAT WITH THE HAT pg. 33



OBNOXIO pg. 40



BEHEMOTH JACK pg. 42



BATTLE OF THE STARS pg. 45

# TAKE a LETTER TO CRAZY



## BIRTH OF THE BLOOEZ

Dear Crazy,

I recently bought my first copy of *Crazy* (#71). I enjoyed it very much, especially your satire on "The Blues Brothers". I've seen the movie, and it all came back to me when I read your parody.

Nick Podias  
Highland Falls, N.Y.

Ding Bats,

I just read your issue no. 71. You should go to perogatory. Your "Blooze Brothers" parody was a jinx. My brother said he'd never read anything so stupid. Get rid of your brains! They deserve to be in the trash!

Tina VanLiew  
Brohman, MI.

Dear Crazy,

Issue #71 was a good issue, but "The Blooze Brothers" was nothing like the movie. Especially the car chases and the car itself. I like *Teen Hulk*.

Fred Tillwach  
Chicago, IL.

Other Blooze Brothers fans include Pam Huffman of Broussard, LA.; and Steven Kiebus of Newington, CN. —Ed.

RIFF-RAFF  
Guys,

I just went into the kitchen to get an envelope. Crazy dad tried to get a jar of Rogu open, tapped the bottom of the jar, and the bottom fell out. He just stood there and let it pour out all over the floor.

Dion Anderson  
Albany, OR.

Cods,

Your magazine stinks. When I saw your *Disease Cards*, I got Boils, Gitter, Caricoma, and Beri-Beri all at the same time! Now, if that's not disgusting, what is?

Catsioley Ripa  
Maplewood, N.J.

How about picking your nose for lunch? —Ed.

## ROCK AND ROLL REPTILE

To Whom It May Concern:

In regards to issue #71 of *Crazy*, I enjoyed the *WKRK* satire, and was even able to tolerate Obnoxio The Clown. But within your *Eleventh Hour Special*, the bottom of page 43 to be exact, you made fun of a person I adore very much!

*Xanadu* was a marvelous picture (for which I only had to pay two bucks for the privilege of seeing), and Olivia Newton-John is a very talented and terrific songstress/actress of such beauty and magnitude that descriptive words of praise are not enough to do her the justice she richly deserves.

Olivia is a beautiful person who I care about very much (even though the two of us have never met each other) and I am very insulted about how you treated Olivia especially since it was you guys who produced that beautiful comic book adaptation of *Xanadu* in *Marvel Super Special* #17.

An Olivia Fan  
Houston, TX.

We suggest you contact a competent psychiatrist. By the way, Ms. Newton-John asks you not to call her "Olivia". —Ed.



STAN LEE PRESENTS...

Dear Stan Lee,

I like your magazine a lot. I think it's very funny. Do you draw everything? How long have you been making *Crazy*? Do you like it?

Tell Obnoxio I like him. I love to draw, will you please send me something to draw, and tell me how you draw so good! Believe me, *Crazy* is really crazy.

Stephen Amoroso  
Portland, ME.

We don't have the heart to tell him.

—Ed.

Dear Crazy,

I don't think your humor is sick, in fact I use most of it. I thought issue #71 was hilarious. I liked *Marvel Superheroes That Didn't Quite Make It*. I couldn't stop laughing at "Misdeameor Man". I was laughing so hard, I was on the ground rolling around.

Mark Zawierucha  
Toledo, OH.

Dear Crazy,

Even though your magazine is absurd, I love it. I especially enjoyed issue #71, with "Marvel Superheroes That Didn't Quite Make It". "Doc Flocky"... oops! My parents are coming, got to go!

Doug Collins  
Bakersfield, CA.

Hey you Crazy People:

Even though my dad thinks you're garbage, and my mom dislikes magazines like yours, I still get them, and even though I'm usually a *Mad* reader, I bought *Crazy* #71. I think your articles are funnier than *Mad's*, although I think their T.V. and movie parodies are better. I thought *Marvel Super Heroes That Didn't Quite Make It* was hilarious, but, even though I'm skinny, I don't think you should downgrade fat people, as you did in "Fat City, U.S.A."

I complement Paul Kupperberg on his "Crazy Looks At Assembly" (exactly like ours), and I'd like to see you look at busing.

Mad & Crazy  
Portland, OR.



#### LETTERS FROM READERS OFFENDED BY OUR TREATMENT OF BLOATING LARDBUCKETS

Dear Grubs,

I resent issue #71, in which you published *When America Becomes Fat City, U.S.A.*, and *Shope Up That Flob*. I'm fat, and you shouldn't make fun of it. Fat Americans are doing their best to lose weight, and don't need you to be mean about it.

I normally think your magazine (especially *Obnoxio*) is funny. In fact, I bought your first issue from an antique store, and love it. But, your fat jokes are just terrible.

I want you to print this to express the feelings of other fatties I know, and to express my feelings.

Bill Gillia  
Statesboro, GA.

Dear Crazy,

I just read issue #71. It was terrific! I think anyone who doesn't like *Crazy* needs to see a psychiatrist. I especially enjoyed *Shope Up That Flob*. Do you have anyone there at the office who looks like any of the people in that article?

Scott Griffen  
Richman, TN.

None that we can mention in this column. —Ed.

#### WISE QUACKS

Dear Crazy,

How come you have to put *The Duck Section* in? *The Howard The Duck* episode in issue no. 71 was especially bad.

Alex McEllier  
Apple Valley, MN.

Jerks,

You fools have such a terrible magazine. You should have more stuff done by **Steve Skeates**. I totally agree with **Steve Skeates's** Mom from issue #66, and with **Steve Skeates's** Fan, Richard Beaver, from issue #71.

**Steve Skeates's** Other Fan  
Andy Scaddon  
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

#### HATE LETTERS OF THE MONTH

Dear Crazy,

I think your magazine stinks! I'm surprised that your whole magazine isn't just one huge magazine of hate letters. *Obnoxio* looks like his face caught fire and they tried to put it out with an ice pick. Speaking for myself, and the vast majority of your readers, we think you should take your magazine and shove it.

Kelly Kehoe  
Santa Rosa, CA.

Dear Crazy,

I think *Obnoxio The Clown* is a shame, and I also think he gives little kids ideas.

Jason Payne  
New York, N.Y.

Yeeh, greet sin't it? —O.T.C.

Dear *Obnoxio*,

I hate to say this, but you look silly in designer jeans.

Daniel Barnett  
Garland, TX.

Dear Crazy,

I want to know where you got that horrid wrapping paper on the cover of issue #71. I really hate *Obnoxio*, and love Irving Nebbish. Old Irv should have more publicity in the magazine, though, and maybe it will become more popular. He's the star of the magazine, so let him appear more often!!!

Jennifer Schneider  
Staten Island, N.Y.

We'll talk to Mr. Nebbish about that just as soon as *Obnoxio* lets us... —Ed.



#### OBNOXIO'S ABUSE COLUMN



Dear *Obnoxious Obnoxio*,

You are the lowest clown that I have ever seen or smelled! Whoever does your make-up should be flogged with your stinkin' stoogie. Your demented barber should be made to sniff your flea-infested armpits. And your mother should have taught you how to shave since she probably had to shave herself!

Christine S.  
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

P.S. You need a girdle... badly!

Okay, geng, before I get all into this one, I just want t'make it clear that yer ol' pal *Obnoxio* don't discriminate against nobody. I mean, bein' th' perfect gentleman that I am, abeuln' a girl comes a little hard to me. But, I guess I'll give it a try.

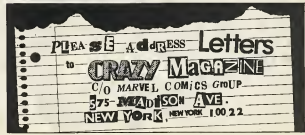
Okay, you stupid broad, let's get it on, huh? Just where d'you gat off writin' into a man's column? Huh? Think you can take it, huh? Or, maybe ya think you're manly? Do ya lift waighte, Christine? Ye like eports? Wenne mud rassel sometime? Maybe go flashin', or huntin' or somethin'?

As fer my mom, she never hadda shave. Does yours? Do you? You seem t'know ee much about it. An' I do my own makeup. Who does yours? Do you look like a clown, too? Huh? Do you have a nice outfit lile mine? Want one? Who knows, maybe'll you'll get yer own magazine, an' get to insult people too. Just like this.

—O.T.C.

Address all hate mail to: "*Obnoxio's Abuse Column*" c/o the address below. And if you send us your picture, he'll make fun of that, too! —Ed.

Warning: Sending letters to this column indicates the sender's willingness to be abused. Publicly. Where all the sender's friends and relatives can see. Right here.



First, there was a newspaper comic strip... then there were movie serials... then there was a big budget film... now, we're doing a comic parody. The circle is complete. Cosmic, huh?

# FLUSH GORGON

HAI! I've cleverly tricked you into my spaceship—which is even now speeding into the depths of the unknown to save the earth! And you will fly it for me... or else!

Or else what, mad Dr. Zark Hansoff?

One thing at a time, Kid—don't try to confuse me!

Oh, Flush—what will we do?!

COFFEE, TEA OR PEP TO EXHAUST?

NO SMOKING  
FASTEN SEAT BELTS  
LIFE

Writer: Paul Kupperberg

Artist: Bob Camp

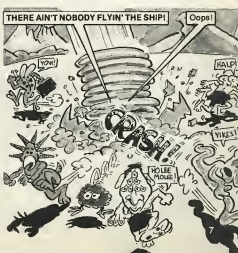
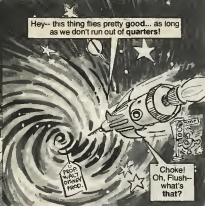
Don't worry, Dull Ardur—I Flush Gorgon—Football star—will save us! I'm not afraid!

Ahh—now I remember! You'll fly the ship or I'll shoot you!

Gaspl! What've you got to say now, Flush? Huh?!

I've got to say... Ignition on! Fire retro! Pitch and yaw! Batten down the hatches!







My ship... my... sob... beautiful ship! Y-you broke it! Oyl You think I'm a rich man?!

No problem, Doc! Bang out a couple' these dents, slap on some new paint and she'll be good as new!

GEORNIWOOD!

FLUP!

Anyway, look on the bright side-- at least the worst is over!

On the other hand...!

Oh, you and your big mouth!

PING TOW SERVICE 24 HR.

ACHIE PAPA GORGON CO.

They're taking us to their leader! I knew they could be reasoned with!

Yeah-- I never knew they even took traveler's cheques on alien planets!

W-will they kill us, Flush?

SPASH

C'mon, Dull! These are civilized folks. They're gonna welcome visitors to their world! Ah, that must be the big cheese now!

His royal majesty, emperor of all Pong, ruler of everything and everybody and former custodian of the Attila The Hun Museum... Ping The Nasty!

I JJJ DUM-DEE-DUM-DUM

GUSH

Hi, how yah doin', Ping ol' buddy! Name's Flush Gorgon of the good ol' U.S. of A! Lissen, ol' buddy, we got us a little problem!

Here... have a ceegar!

So what say you get our ship tied up so's we can blow this burg? Hop to it, son!

Infidel! Pig! Dolt! Fool! Curl!

Fellah-- you just blew your tip!



You're gonna hear from my lawyer, buster!

Wahminnit—I don't even know these people!

Heh, heh! How'd ya like to make kissy-face with a real live king? Huh? Whataya say?

Ohhhh, Pingy-poo— you're my kind of man! Can I have diamonds an' a mink en' a car an' a house an'...?

Hmmmm—maybe I should have her executed, too!

Yuck! Forget it, creep— my heart belongs to Flush Gorgon! He's handsome an' he's strong an' he's talented an' he's brave an' he's smart an' he's...

I'm rich.

So howcum you, Princess Awful-daughter of Emperor Ping— helped me escape?! Is it 'cause I'm so brave an' handsome? Cut it out... that tickle!

New— I just needed somebody to drop me off at the hair-dresser!

Ahem... then you've come to the— tee-hee!— right man, Princess! I— now cut that out!— Flush Gorgon, an master— that tickles!— pilot!

Yessir, you're safe in my hands!

Oh, good!

Now see what you've done! I told you I was ticklish there!

Well, after this, nothing worse can happen to us!

You ain't much better at this than I am, are you?



So you're the infamous Prince Boring of the Tree world Aboringplace, huh? Kind of a weird place to hang out, isn't it?

Yeah, but DeLaurentiis had these sets left over from King Kong! Hah! You don't look so tough -- bet you're not even man enough to take the Aboringplace test of manhood!



Oh, yeah? You're on!

Right! G-57!

Need it! Ah-hah... B-12!

Hmmm-- N-33!

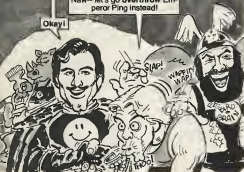
BINGO!



By the great green toad-- yer all right in my book, Flush, ol' buddy, ol' pal, ol' sport! Let's fight!

Naw-- let's go overthrow Emperor Ping instead!

Okay!



Me and my Hawkmen are behind you, Flush! Gosh-- you sure know how to stir up a crowd!

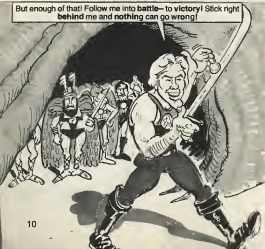
Let's go!

Fight!

Aw shucks--!



But enough of that! Follow me into battle-- to victory! Stick right behind me and nothing can go wrong!



I just gotta stop saying things like that!



So, m'dear, are you ready for our nuptials?

Hey-- none of that until after we're married, creep!

Sigh! Maybe I will send you back to Earth before I destroy it!



Hark! Don't worry, Dull-- I'll save you!

Y-You fool! Look what you've done to my palace-- my insurance doesn't cover damage from revolutionaries!



Your days of tyranny are over, Ping! Once I leap nimbly from this here rocket, I'm gonna... glub!

Awright-- awright! I'm sorry I didn't invite you to the wedding!



Too late for that, Ping! Once I crash a party, it stays crashed!

Now to cut you down in cold blood, curl!

All right, buddy--



--Hold it right there!

Whatsamatter, pal? Can't you see I got me a reign of tyranny to end-- a dictator to do away with? In other words, I'm busy!

Sorry, Gorgon... but we're from the C.I.A.!



Wow-- real G-men? B-but, don't you guys want to make the galaxy safe for democracy too?!

Lissen, Gorgon, all I know is our government wants a dictatorship here! After all, if it was good enough for Juan Perron in Argentina, it's good enough for Ping of Pong!

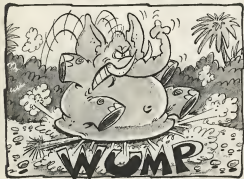


-B.CAMP-

END

# CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 1

## APEMAN ANTICS

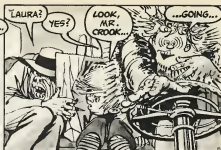




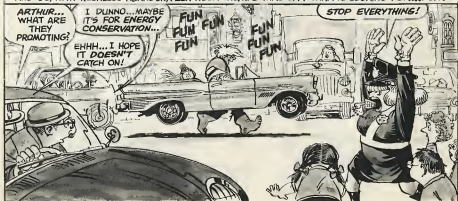
Stan  
Lee  
PRESENTS:

# TEEN HULK!





AND SO, WITH RECKLESS ABANDON, TEEN HULK THUMPS THRU CITY TRAFFIC LOOKING FOR...FUN!





MEANYWHILE, AT HIS HARDWARE STORE, MR. MEANY KICKS OFF HIS CAMPAIGN FOR THE MAYORALTY RACE BY SPEAKING TO LOCAL VOTERS...



...PULLING YOURSELF UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS...  
...OR THE FIRE ESCAPE... 'FENDIN' ON WHAT NEIGHBORHOOD YOU FROM!



AS I WAS SAYING... THE AMERICAN WAY...

...AFRO-AMERICAN...

DID YOU GET THAT?

I WANNA GET SOMETHING ON THE CITY HALL SCANDAL...

MADAM... WOULD YOU LIKE A "HELP YOURSELF SHOPPING BAG"?

I'D RATHER HAVE A "HELP YOURSELF" KID...

NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE ANOTHER BAG --BET YOU DON'T VOTE EITHER!



AND SO...

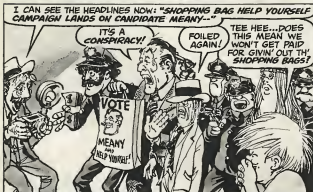
I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO GET OUT NOW...

OKAY... HEY BUDDY... LET'S STOP!

OKAY, ME MAKE FUN STOP!







Ever wonder how your favorite television show got on the air? Mainly, it's a matter of *timing*. If only Obnoxio the clown had submitted some of *his* program ideas just a few weeks earlier...! But he put it off too long, and by then the networks had scheduled sound-alike series and Obnoxio's shows were tossed into the trash. Well, we've pulled them back out, hosed them down and present herewith for your delictation and deliberation...



# TELEVISION SHOWS THAT JUST DIDN'T MAKE IT!

Writer and Artist: Alan Kupperberg

"Three's Company", queered...  
"SLEAZE COMPANY!"



Three dotty derelicts share the street life and the street laughs in this vagabond comedy-riot. Hobo hilarity will have you rolling in the gutter.

"Starsky and Hutch", shot down...  
"HUSKY AND STARCH"



Follow wonderful, waddling adventurers featuring filmdom's favorite crime-fighting fatties as they put the kibosh on corpulent criminals.

"M\*A\*S\*H", mashed... "S\*M\*A\*S\*H"



Join us in a nostalgic look at the fun-loving gang of torturers at a wacky North Korean P.O.W. camp during that crazy country's famously funny "police action".

"Mork and Mindy", put the shazbot on...  
"QUARK AND LINDY"



Cheerful Charles Lindburgh portrays an absent-minded nuclear physicist who unleashes a bizarre being from the sub-atomic world Quark. Quantum comedy ensues.

"Happy Days", harpooned... "HIPPIY DAZE"



Life is a laugh for a family of hippies who rent out the room over the sauna to a "square kid". The delightful disruptions guarantee delivery of good times every week.

"The Muppets", mopped up... "THE MOPPITS"



Wash away your woes, as laughs and guest-stars promise a clean sweep of entertainment each week with our prissy puppet cleaning women.

"Roots", uprooted... "BOOTS"



Presenting the dramatic saga that marches across five generations of shoe manufacturers. A sole-searching miniseries.

"Family Fued", was too game for...  
"FAMILY FOOD"



Join with host Duck Dullsome amid flying leftovers and competing clans in all-new game show giddiness. The tastiest family wins the crock-pot of gold.

"The Ropers", ripped... "THE DOPERS"



Assinine antics provide proof-positive that the good old-fashioned mindless sit-com isn't gone. Watch these dopes make fools of themselves for no good reason each week.

"Laverne and Shirley" sank...  
"LEVINE AND SHARKEY"



Rabbi Lou Levine and his religiously converted deep-sea ally debate great theological themes. Be sure to tuna in.

"Eight is Enough", one-upped...  
SEVEN IS ENOUGH"

Maybe if I add one more day to the week, I'll find  
some time for myself.



A widower calendar manufacturer makes every day a  
holiday when he renames the month of October,  
"Ralph"

"Diff'rent Strokes", buried...  
"DIFF'RENT CROAKS"

These jokes will just  
lay you out.



A rich frog, owner of a vast chain of funeral parlors  
adopts two poor but cute kids from the ghetto.  
You'll laugh 'till you die.

"Soap", washed up... "SOUP"

I hate to say  
it, but...

Don't tell me...! A  
fly in your soup?



This serio-comedic serial follows the trials and  
tribulations of the Campbell Soup Twins as they  
try to stay out of hot water.

"B.J. And The Bear", threw a monkey-wrench at...  
B.J. AND THE BORE"

The vital, vivacious volly,  
virtually vibrated...



A carefully-prepared tennis up-date is presented  
weekly, featuring tennis Champ Billy-Jean King and  
tennis Chump Howard Cosell.

"All In The Family", stifled...  
"BALL IN THE FAMILY"

No, no, Meathead! I didn't mean  
for yez to dribble on the ball!



Sports silliness provides a laugh-a-minute when a  
bigoted basketball coach uses his family as his  
team.

"One Day At A Time", threw a net over...  
"ONE STRAY AT A TIME"

It's a dog's  
life.

I'm too pooped  
to pup!



Dog-eared dizziness follows when a daffy divorcee  
and her daughters begin a new life in a new city with  
a new job-- as the city dog-catcher.

# THE SCINTILLATING FANTASY...



# ...AND THE HUMILIATING REALITY





SUSAN PALMERO

-AS "DPT"



MIKE LAND DATTILO

-AS "VLP"



MARIA MEDINA

-AS "MOK"



BOBBY LOESMA

-AS "JOS"



LARRY O'NEIL  
AS "PEE WEE"



GABRIELLE KELLY  
AS "HERSELF"



STEPHEN MELLO

-AS "ROACH"

Written by Bruce Sakow Photographed by Michael Sullivan  
Directed by Larry Hama Shot on location in the Botany Talk House

# SPACE WAR WIZARD.



Roach you is--



--Wasted!



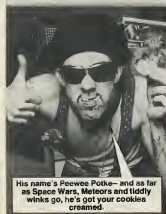
JEEZZZ!!



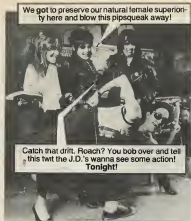
You is the baddest chicks east of Avenue A!

We's the baddest anywhere! We's J.O.'s!

That's Junior Degenerates!







We got to preserve our natural female superiority here and blow this pipsqueak away!

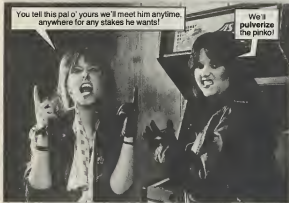
Catch that dirt, Roach? You bob over and tell this twit the J.D.'s wanna see some action! Tonight!



Listen, ladies, Peewee don't play for peanuts with pee-brained pubescent punks--

I oughtta murderize!!

--The man only plays for stakes. And I mean big juicy ones.



You tell this pal o' yours we'll meet him anytime, anywhere for any stakes he wants!

We'll pulverize the pinko!



I'll pass that patter on, pards.



Hey Zippy, ya think this runt's gonna cop a no-show?

That's our strategy, Juggs.

I figger, once this turkey cashes the scene, he'll let loose in his Levi's and leave town.

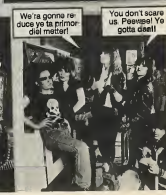
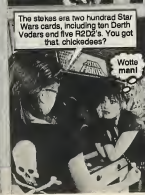
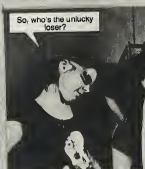
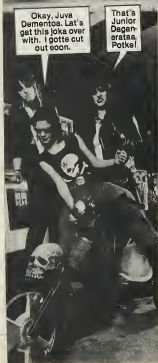


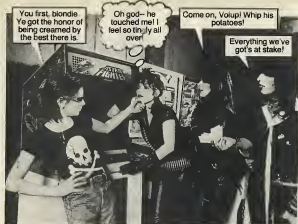
**KNOCK! KNOCK!**

That must be some stooge come to grovel and cop a plea.

What's with me decibels...?

**BRRRRMMMMMM**





# CRAZY Looks At A Shopping Mall

Writer:  
Paul Kupperberg  
Artist:  
Ned Sonntag



W-would you go out with me, Gayle...? I-I've never dated a girl like you before!

I told Arnold I'd rather go out with a chimpanzee than date him!

Hal! I bet that got rid of the ugly little creeper!

I-it was terrible, officer—that robber had a gun! He could have blown my brains out!

So could a good sneeze!

Don't worry, Kenny—your record is safe with me!

Only for a little while—he'll be back as soon as he learns how to swing from trees!

We were so poor when I was a child that on Thanksgiving, my mother would send me next door to borrow the neighbor's turkey!

Frieda is so ugly that last week I saw a guy following her around with a pooper-scooper!

LOUNGE

BURBS

No, Marvin! You can't have a new toy because I said so!

But that's not a good reason, Mom!

If you don't shut up about that toy I'll smack you!

See—now that's a reason I can understand!

B-but, Sam—I can't stand Nancy!

Great! That means you two have at least one thing in common—haired!

Gee, Brad—Brenda's crazy about you! It'll really destroy her when you tell her you want to break up with her!

Do you think you'll be able to find my parents, officer?

I don't know, kid—there are a lot of places they could hide around here!

Tell her...that'd be cruel! Naw, maybe I could do something else—like push her in front of a car!

Okay, Max—but how do I stop it when there's no wall around...?

How do you like my new blouse, Rita? Don't you think it's dreamy!

Well, sort of...I'd have to be asleep to want to wear that!

Why do you keep scratching yourself? Like that, Steve?

Because I'm the only one who knows where it itches! Besides, what's the problem?

Nobody! I want to eat here if they see you doing that!

In that case, think of this as a public service!

OBNOXIOBURGER

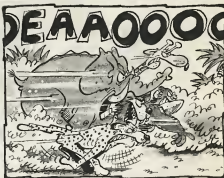
Will you just look at how these kids run wild these days, Max! I sure wasn't like this when I was a kid!

Yeah—it sure is annoying!

You bet I'm annoyed...I was born 20 years too early!

# CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 2

## SON OF APEMAN ANTICS





*Danger is  
their Bizness!*  
Semi-Automatic  
in their  
Middle Name!

HEY YOU GUYS  
WADDAYA SAY  
WE DEFOLIATE A  
COUPLE OF  
TRAFFIC  
ISLANDS?

NAH! WE USED UP  
THE LAST CAN OF  
"FROND-OFF" N-27  
ON THE GASHOUSE  
GUERRILLA TREE FORT  
LAST FRIDAY!

HEY!  
YAWANNA  
GO NUKE A  
LAUNDRAMAT?

NAH! I LEFT MY  
"MINI-PAK 15"  
RADIOACTIVE  
SATCHEL  
LAUNCHER AT  
MY GRAMMA'S!

BEETLER

THE  
KINETIC  
KIDS

By Steve Mellor

BRISBAINE

TIMMY

LEO

VEDAFA

WELL HOWZABOUT  
WE HOTWAX  
A COUPLE  
OF SWANS?

NAH! WE  
SAND-BLASTED  
THE LAST BATCH  
YESTERDAY!

YOUR MOTHER  
SELLS TACOS IN  
DOGGIRT  
ALLEY!

HOLD IT! LET'S  
GO VISIT MY COUSIN  
KOOL-ADE ON ROBES-  
PIERRE STREET! HE ONLY  
EATS PRESERVATIVES AND  
ARTIFICIAL SWEETENERS!

AND HE  
HALLUCINATES  
IN 3-D!  
HE'S NEAT!

CRANK  
A FIRE  
PLUG  
PAL!



# THE KINETIC KIDS WITH KOOL-ADE in "SICKY SLAMPHONT" Page A

WE'RE DIRTY DANCING  
SKELLY BONES

WITH SMELLY TOES  
AND PRINCESS PHONES

WE WEAR OUR UNDIES  
ON OUR HEADS

WE DON'T CARE  
WE'RE LIVING DEAD!



WE'RE NON-STOP DISCO  
SKELLY NOODLES

WITH EYES OF FLAME  
AND PINK TOY POODLES

WE GOT NO BRAINS  
DON'T NEED 'EM BUS

WE'RE MEMBERS OF  
THE EARTHWORM CLUB!



TWINKY-PINKY  
POOTY-PIE!

STICK A CHEESE KNIFE  
IN YOUR EYE!

PICK YOUR NOSE AND  
RAKE YOUR FACE

AND JOIN THE  
CARTOON SKELLY RACE!



LA-LA CARTOON SKELLY RACE!

OUTSIDE.

TOO MUCH!





# THE KINETIC KIDS WITH KOOL-ADE in "SICK-Y-SYMPHONY" Page 3

WE'RE DIRTY DANCING  
SKELLY BONES

WITH SMELLY TOES  
AND PRINCESS PHONES

WE WEAR OUR UNDIES  
ON OUR HEADS

WE DON'T CARE  
WE'RE LIVING DEAD!



WE'RE NON-STOP DISCO  
SKELLY NOODLES

WITH EYES OF FLAME  
AND PINK TOY POODLES

WE GOT NO BRAINS  
DON'T NEED 'EM BUB

WE'RE MEMBERS OF  
THE EARTHWORM CLUB!



TWINKY-PINKY  
POOTY-PIE!

STICK A CHEESE KNIFE  
IN YOUR EYE!

PICK YOUR NOSE AND  
RAKE YOUR FACE

AND JOIN THE  
CARTOON SKELLY RACE!



LA-LA CARTOON SKELLY RACE!

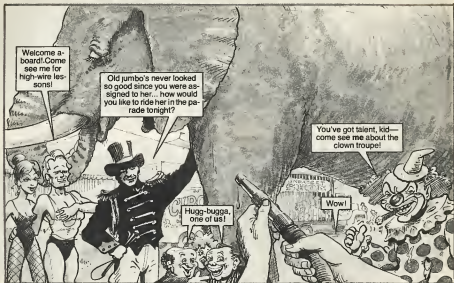


OUTSIDE.

TOO MUCH!



# THE STUPENDOUS FANTASY...



# ...AND THE STUPEFYING REALITY

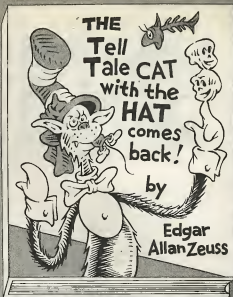


How many times have you put up with those nauseatingly sweet children's books? You know, the kind that are printed in an alternate universe where cancer, taxes, and dentists don't exist.

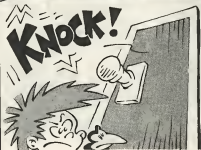
What if a real writer like Edgar Allen Poe had written them? Those stories might have been more like this month's...

# CRAZY Children's Classics

Writer: Michael Carlin Artist: Stephen Mellor



Once upon a midnight  
That was very dreary,  
While I moped 'round  
the house  
Really weak and weary,  
In other words my attitude  
Was anything but cheery,



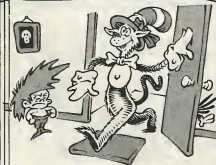
Came the faintest rapping  
Outside my chamber door.  
There was indeed a tapping;  
Someone's there for sure.  
"Darnit! I was napping,  
Be gone, and tap no more."



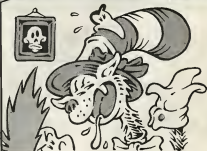
My visitor told me  
That he'd rather stay  
And keep on tip-a-tapping  
'Cause he had all day  
Then I realized  
there was no way  
That he would go away.



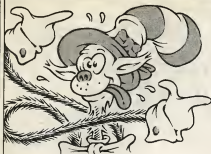
That was the fifth time today  
My ears had heard that.  
He just kept on knocking,  
Wham! Bam! Rat-a-tat!  
He'd come back to harass me;  
That darn Cat with the Hat.



I had to think quick  
'Cause my patience wore thin.  
"All right, all right, I give.  
Come in, cat, you win."  
If my scheme went as planned,  
That cat was as good  
as done in.



"I know some fun games we  
could play,"  
Said the cat.  
"I know some neat tricks,"  
Said the Cat with the Hat.  
Blah, blah, blab, blab.  
I'd heard it before;  
This was the fifth time  
I had heard all of that.



"But first I must get  
My new Whirley-ma-jig;  
Just wait 'til you see it  
You will flip your wig.  
It's out on the porch, see  
'Cause my Whirley-ma-jig's  
big."



This was my chance, "Hold it!  
You cat, you Cat with the Hat  
To get your thing there,  
You must pass my bat!"  
He called my bluff. One swing.  
A Whump! He went down.  
That was that.



Now what do I do  
With this guy on my floor?  
Could I sell him to a  
Chinese Restaurateur?  
Would he want this cat? Nah...  
I'll have to stuff him under the floor.



I bent back some boards.  
A few-- two, three or four.  
I dumped the cat down  
Where he'd bug me no more.  
When I was done I put the boards back  
Where they were before.

# MEOW!



That's when I heard it.  
It was hardly that loud.  
But it sounded as if  
A cat had meowed.  
Could it be him? No way.  
Not him  
The Cat with the Hat was now  
Wearing a shroud.

MEOW!  
MEOW!  
MEOW!  
MEOW!  
MEOW!  
MEOW!



I heard it again  
And again after that.  
He came back to haunt me;  
He'd come back, the rat!  
"Meow, meow, meow, meow,"  
Meow, meow, meow,"  
Said the cat.



It went on for hours.  
"Please stop, I implore.  
Stop that 'meowing',  
I can stand it no more."  
He 'meowed' once again  
So I tore 'cross the room  
and tore up the floor.



The cat stood straight up;  
Yep, 'twas him that I saw.  
"How is it that you lived  
Since my bat hit your jaw?"  
The cat rubbed his head  
turned and then said;  
Quoth the cat:  
"Eight lives more!"

The End



THE  
DUCK  
SECTION

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: HOWARD THE DUCK!

Writer: Steve Skates

Artists: Pat Broderick and Armando Gil

SATIRE  
PARODY  
SPACE-FILLER



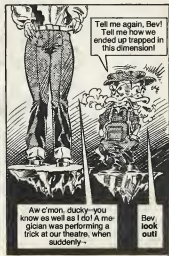
Hey, Howie—what's with all these letters on either side of us?

Oh, that's just a phrase we're going through!



"Bite the wax tadpole"? What kind of a phrase is that? It doesn't even make any sense!

Of course it doesn't! And isn't that typical of all the stuff that floats around this crazy place?



Aw c'mon, ducky—you know as well as I do! A magician was performing a trick at our theatre, when suddenly—

Bev, look out!





Whew! You almost got hit by that pile of orange peels, fish bones, and other assorted slop!

Just goes to show you, though!



If you ask me, this insane dimension must be some huge cosmic toilet—a receptacle for all the stuff nobody in the real world has any need for anymore.

...useless phrases, month-old garbage, "re-elect President Carter" buttons...

...hula-hoops, peace signs, fifteen-cent subway tokens...



...Nehru jackets, boat-neck shirts, bell-bottom trousers, pleats, spats...



...New Times magazine, underground comix, Davy Crockett caps, John Anderson...

Okay, Howie! Okay! Enough is enough!



There's no need to rub it in! I feel bad enough being stuck in this blasted dimension—feel that I'm as unwanted as all this other stuff around here!

Aw, now, toots...



Don't "aw-now" me, Mr. Duck! After all, this whole stupid situation is quite different for you!

Back on Earth, you were a stranger in a strange land! At least here you're in a land as strange as you are!

Strange?

Me? Are you calling me strange? Just because I'm a duck?

Let me tell you, my dear—you've cut me to the quack... er, quick!

And I'm just not going to take it!



So, until you learn to keep a civil tongue in your beak... er, mouth, I'm walking out!

In other words, I'm leaving—moving over to the other edge of this dimension!

But, ducky...



But he will brook no argument! And soon, all alone...

Aw, why am I getting so mad at Bev? She's only grumpy because I'm grumpy!

And she'd probably get happy again if only I'd put on a happy face!



...all they gotta do is slap on a couple a buttons!

Hairless apes sure have it easy! They don't even have to smile to show they're happy...

And speaking of happy faces, here comes one now! In fact, there's a whole bunch of 'em!



Bev, I'm back! And look—I'm in a good mood now!

Egad! You look like a whole group of smirking little people! A veritable Munchkin crowd scene!

Take those silly things off!



Hmmph! Women!

No matter what you do, you just can't please 'em!



END

WORK, WORK,  
WORK!



# OBNOXIO

## THE CLOWN

# FUNPAGES

TOUGH  
TAMALES,  
KIDDIES.  
LUNCH  
BREAK!



Writer: Virgil Diamond Artist: Alan Kupperman

Most o' you guys out there have been fakin' it all yer lives, never usin' yer brains. So, here's ya last chance t'prove to me that yer head is filled with more 'n just air! Try my patented Obnoxio The Clown...

## BRAIN BUSTER!



PUT ON YER  
THINKIN'  
CAPS!



Instructions: Here's my typewriter. Now let's see how many words ya can make from it.

Write words here:

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_
9. \_\_\_\_\_
10. \_\_\_\_\_
11. \_\_\_\_\_
12. \_\_\_\_\_
13. \_\_\_\_\_
14. \_\_\_\_\_
15. \_\_\_\_\_

If ya can still make more words, use yer own paper!

WORDS  
IS  
PER  
TH'  
BIRDS!



## OBNOXIO'S LOST 'N' FOUND

I LOST  
MY  
MARBLES



I just found this check with no address on it, so I figured you'd be kind enough to return it to the poor slob who lost it. Someone might do th' wrong thing with it. But, you kids can be trusted, right?

Howard Hughes

75750

\$

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

DOLLARS

MARVEL BANK AND TRUST  
575 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, NY

MEMO

1:57510010 6 FL.

Wilbur the wise guy borrowed Bruno the Bully's motorcycle without permission. When Bruno found out, he gave Wilbur a "right uppercut". Now you find out...

## HOW MANY TRIANGLES?



Enter your findings here: I discovered triangles in Wilbur's eyeglasses.

YOU FRACTURE ME, KID?

Hunters collect stuffed heads of th' animals they shoot. Th' A.S.P.C.A. collects stray dogs. But, do you know...

HEAR, HEAR!

## What Your Ear Collects!

Put th' first letter of each picture into th' little box above, and you'll spell a sticky substance which the inside of yer ears loves to collect.



ANSWER: Only when yer spoken tot! (Or we can buy it out straight on, giv' th' actual answer, which is wax.)

When you're a school student, no matter how hard ya try t'get outta doin' it, ya still gotta do homework. But, ya might not mind doin' it as much if ya had yer very own...

## CHEWING GUM PENCIL HOLDER



Chew 25 pieces of bubble gum 'til they're nice and mushy.



Shape it into a ball, an' make th' bottom flat. Make holes in th' top fer a pencil.



Yer pencil holder will harden overnight, an' then you'll be ready to write!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL STICK-TO-IT-IVE-NESS!

"This is my Favorite Picture of the Month!"

--OBNOXIO THE CLOWN.



It was sent to me by Tony Rodriguez of Williston, Florida. The kid's 10 1/2 years old, an' already he's got real talent! Neet, ain't it?

THESE ARE TH' PUNCH-LINES TO SOME O' MY FAVORITE JOKES!

"...I took her to the top of the Empire State building, and she got strafed by bi-planes!"

"...So, what do you want I should put in the window? I'm a moyl!"

"...Don't sit down!"

"...Tarzan of the Grapes!"

"...And that's the story of Captain Murderer. Good night, dearie, and pleasant dreams."

Smile, reptile! You're on...

# THE ELEVENTH HOUR SPECIAL


Writer: David Allikas Artist: Dave Morris

And I'm Behemoth Jack... presenting your favorite hits as you've never heard them before... and never want to again!

Good thing Sweden's a neutral country... or the music-loving nations of the world might declare war on... Saaba!

Friday night and the malted shop  
Reeks of syrup and soda pop;  
Staring in through the window  
Your saliva flows;  
You're in the mood to pig out  
But you can only pout  
You are a fasting teen  
Feeling ill!  
But remaining lean;  
Fasting teen  
Oh, you'd kill!  
For a Dairy Queen!  
You'll eat grass  
Chew the wall  
Go into sugar withdrawal—  
Give that girl  
A saltine;  
Pity the fasting teen!





So you want to hear real musical talent for a change?  
Listen to Mirth, Wit, and Ire and Wallin' Lemmings...

...While we look for some!

All three million members  
Of the Teamsters shriek  
For cost of living raises  
Every other week;  
Though our demands are meager,  
Any pact we sign  
Must be retroactive back  
To 1959!  
Or we'll (we'll) we'll still squawk  
Let's squawk!  
Let's squawk— Let's squawk—  
(still squawk)

Just a dumb old show  
'Bout a couple of "dukes"  
It's nationwide success  
Has me dreading less and less  
Our destruction by nukes

Half of the scenes  
Are of their fast-skidding wheels;  
Half, of those real down-home girls  
In their tights and high heels.

Just a dumb old show  
Making mountains of cash;  
But I'll keep watching,  
Fingers crossed for a fatal car crash.

Hey,  
It's a  
Lemming.

Several fans have written to ask  
why I've grown a beard since my  
movie days! I did it to change my  
image... I was getting typecast  
- as a monster!

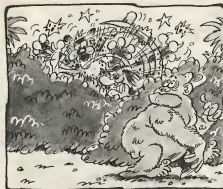
VIVALDI  
ROCKS  
OUT

Sayonara, salamanders!



# CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 3

## APEMAN ANTICS STRIKE AGAIN!





# BATTLE FOR KEEPS OF THE NETWORK STARS

Writer: Murad Gumen

Artist: Kent Gamble

Bruce Junior back again, live from the Nielsen Arena! Looks like CBS managed a stunning upset with the strategic positioning of the Hulk against ABC's Catty Lee Cruiseby and NBC's "Tweety" the robot in the "Brass Knuckle Boxing Meet"! Yep. Looks like Catty and Tweety really met the Hulk's brass knuckles! Ha ha! Get it? Met? Meet? Ha ha ha!



Congratulations, CBS Coach Ken Howareyou! Time now for the "Crime-Adventure Show Stand-off — "Who have you got lined up, Ken?...

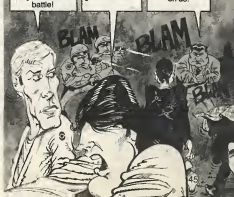
Well, Bruce, CBS is short on its action shows this season, and we have to have the untested Freakie and the Beanhead, and Enice...



Anyway, we had Enice! Looka like they started the battle!

YOICKS! Let's get out of here!

Get 'em, boys! NBC is counting on us!



We got 'em, Clod! We...  
unnhh! A bullet grazed  
my temple!

Perky, you idiot!  
You can't even get  
shot right!



It's that Vegas dick, Dan Tanwell...  
backed up by his fellow ABC adventur-  
ers, Hurt and Hurt!

They got the drop  
on us, Erotik — fall  
back! And keep  
fi — ARRH!



At least I got Dan...  
(gasp)! Where did you  
two learn to shoot like  
that?

We had plenty of  
practice in "It  
Takes A Thief"  
and "The Girl from  
U.N.C.L.E."!



I told you  
we'd get  
through, baby!

You know  
it! How  
about a  
kiss!



Just one kiss, Robert!  
How come you're so cold all of  
a sudden... oops!



Ohhh...  
no!

Brilliant! "Magnut" appeared  
out of nowhere to save the day  
for CBS! This spells trouble for  
your team, "Quintity"  
Kloddman!

Yeah... NBC  
wasn't count-  
ing on its few  
winners getting  
wiped out so  
soon!



I see the "Jiggers Wrestling in Radioactive Mud Match" has  
begun! ABC is strong with "Cheery's Angels," and Suzanne  
Somers! CBS offers Loni Awosomeson, Valerie Bortegirrie,  
and "Daisy Dope" herself! NBC comes up with their best  
"jiggers," Sorry Purcell... Marie Osnun? And Charlotte Rye??



ABC won, "Funzie" Winkler! As coach, do you have any comment?

Ayy... which network do you think started this whole "sexy jiggling" trend anyway? And don't come near me with that lethal mud, dumplin'!



It's been said that "if you throw plenty of mud, some of it is bound to stick." So, squaring off are two of our most lovable comedians, CBS's Tim Conman and ABC's Rotten Williams. They'll try to reduce each other to total viciousness in the "Slander Face-Off!"

You pick your nose in red lights, poopy-face!

How come you have romantic attachments to iguanas, stinkyhead?



Oh yeah? You go bottomless to KKK meetings, tumbleweed!

Look, dirtball — you don't zip your fly until after you leave the men's room!

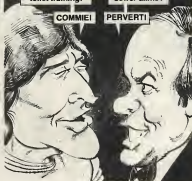


You... you cockroach acum! You know you were never taught toilet training!

Isn't it time to stop wearing your mother's underwear, sewer allme?

COMMIE!

PERVERT!



@ # \$ % & !

@ # \$ % & !



Gentlemen, please! If you must get violent, why not join your comedy cohorts in our next event... the (ha ha) "Comedy Cream-ple & Seltzer Water War!"

ABC's top-heavy with sit-coms! We got 'em easy!



Don't shoot until you see the whites of their egg!



Gary, hurry and get NBC's other hit sit-com stars!

What'choo talkin' about, man? I'm ill!



Get 'em, Alex!

Gof'cha, Barn!

H-hey! These  
pies are rigged  
with nitro!

Stay still,  
squirt!

SQUIRT!

Aggggh!!

What'choo  
call me?

Sulfuric acid in those  
bottles! Heh!

# BOOM!



ABC's the winner... lying for first place with CBS! And NBC is — surprise! — in last place, with no points!

Just you wait! Fred Silverman says, "Don't bury the corpse until the corpse is dead!"

Well, I guess you know all about corpses, Quaintcy! Ha Ha!



Now for the "Resistance" test! Each network will select the likeliest candidate to be force-fed by their rivals! There's "Mr. C." of "Hippy Days" for ABC, "Boss Hoard" of "The Dopes of Haphazard" for CBS, and... "Boomer" for NBC!



Heh... looks like there were no clear winners, people! But we do know your team dropped out first, Quaintcy!

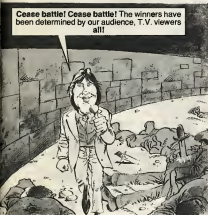
Oh, shut up!

For the final event, we have the "Battle Free-For-All"! Any weapon is permitted, and whoever's left of the network teams are led by their respective coaches!



The objective is to wipe out each other's remaining "leading man," including NBC's Gil Gerard and Michael Lowdown, CBS's "Dopes" end "Pa Walnut," and ABC's Ricardo Mantalban and Harve Vileshveal!

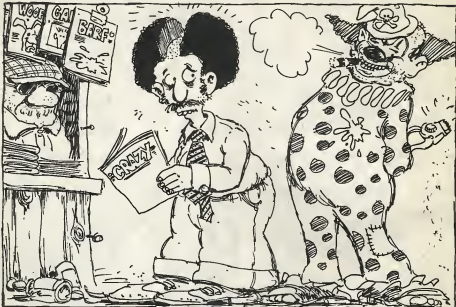




END



# WHY GET CLIPPED AT THE NEWSSTAND?



SUBSCRIBE TO **CRAZY** AND GET CLIPPED **AT HOME!!**

CRAZY SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.  
c/o Marvel Comics Group  
575 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Make checks  
payable to:  
Marvel Comics  
Group

Dear Mr. Clown,

I need cheering up in the worst way. Take my money (\$9.00 U.S.A., \$10.00 Canada, \$11.00 Foreign) and start stuffing my mailbox with the world's funniest yock rag. Yeah. All right.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

(Allow ten weeks for first delivery)

CZ581

**NINE WILL  
GET YOU  
TWELVE!**

**THAT'S  
RIGHT, \$9.00  
WILL GET  
YOU 12  
ISSUES OF  
YER FAVE  
MIRTH MAG!**

(\$10.00 Canada, \$11.00 Foreign)

**MICHAEL CARLIN'S**

IT'S  
SWIFT!



# PAGE O' STUFF.



TODAY'S WEATHER:  
PARTLY FUNNY WITH  
INCREASING CLOWNNISH  
TOWARDS EVENING.



**NEWS**

I DON'T KNOW WHY, RAY BUT  
IT SEEMS THAT I'M THE  
BUTT OF EVERYONE'S JOKES.



par-rot-roop-ers (par'at roo'pars)  
n.p. 1. parrots trained and e-  
quipped to parachute into com-  
bat areas. 2. 'nuff said.

AND NOW...  
A LITTLE OLD  
SOFT SHOE...



THERE AIN'T A  
WHOLE LOTTA ROOM  
LEFT ON THIS PAGE.  
SO I GUESS I'LL  
HAVE TO TELL YOU  
THE SECRET OF  
ETERNAL YOUTH  
SOME OTHER  
TIME...

**ZEPPU**

THE ROCK OPERA



HE SIMPLY CONFUSED A NATION

BOGUS AD  
**NEARLY TWELVE  
ANGRY MEN**



**TONIGHT** ON ELEVEN  
AT ELEVEN

ERSATZ AD

WANNA BOX?



SMILE. YOU'RE ON  
CANDID APPENDECTOMY.



M. Carlin

# THE INCREDIBLE HULK MEETS HARVARD-MAN





## Crazy Magazine # 75 (1981)

Scanned cover to  
cover from the original  
by jodyanimator.

What you are reading  
does not exist, except  
as electronic data.

Support the writers,  
artists, publishers and  
booksellers so they can  
provide you with more  
entertainment.

Buy an original!